



**Poetry.**

By the R.

She sat and mused by the drift-wood fire,  
As the hissing flames flamed higher and higher.  
And the phantoms of youth, as fair and bright  
Grew for her gaze in the ruddy light;  
The blossoms she gathered in life's young days,  
Wrested and wavy in the flickering blaze;  
That rose at the dream of the April dawn;  
And ever and o'er the sudden rain  
Plashed on the glittering window-pane.

Scherzo and suddenly the picture thus showed:  
As the drift-wood logs to a red embers glowed;  
And the dimpled lights of other days  
Passed with the steady step of their prime;  
The faded and snow-drops bloomed and died;  
Red and green as from a garden by the side;  
With the leaves and flowers, and the grass,  
The lines of the pictures August drew;  
And ever and o'er the falling rain  
Streaked thick and fast on the window-pane.

The drift-wood laid down into feather ash,  
Where faintly and steadily shone the flares;  
Slowly and suddenly pulses beat,  
And soft was the fall, as of vanishing feet;  
And lush and green as from a guarded grave,  
She stood in the shadow of the violet wave;  
And the echoes of the ocean sigh,  
The wave went wild that went wandering by;

All the Year Round.

**A Charcoal Burner.**

A still old man, with grizzled beard,  
Gray eye, bent shape, and smoke-tanned features,  
His old footstep is not feared  
By dry-wood woodland creatures.

He knows the moods of forest things,  
He holds, in his own speechless fashion,  
For helpless forms of fur and wings,  
A mild internal passion.

Within his horny hand he holds  
The water brook of the ruddy squirrel;  
His hasty brother storms and scolds,  
But knows no sense of peril.

The dormouse shares his crumb of cheese;  
His household trudge the rabbits follow;  
He finds, in angles of the trees,  
The emp-nest of the swallow.

**Selected Tale.****ALBERTYNE'S WOOING.**

Albertyne was the unluckiest of diggers when I knew him on the diamond-fields. He had not even the chance to be always unfortunate. When the tide ebbed so far that he must needs think of "pock and gang," it flowed a very little. Such fate stirs the mildest man to bitterness; when lazy, worthless neighbors are finding treasure all round. Despairing at length, Albertyne enlisted in a volunteer force, served through the Transkei war, and returned. But there was no change in his look, and he gladly joined the "Kinderley Light Horse" when Zulu troubles threatened. There Albertyne distinguished himself, but no part came of that besides camp renown and influence. I should mention that his was one of the old French-Boer families, seated by Caledon.

After the disbandment of the Kimberley Light Horse he again tried the Fields. One day an ex-officer of the corps invited him to look in, and said, "Clinch has just made me an odd proposal. It seems that Monkcorone, Head Chief of the Battalions, wants to raise a force of yeomanry among his people. He has instructed Clinch to engage a commandant. The thing doesn't suit me now, but you might like it."

"I would pull the devil's tail, sir, to get out of this! What's the pay?"

"Why, that seems to be speculative.

Monkcorone has no money, but he offers horses and cattle in a vague sort of way that I should interpret as unlimited. After three years he gives his commandant a hundred square miles of veldt, or a pretty landscape spot that size. I don't go into figures."

"Thank you sir; anyhow, I'll see Clinch."

This personage was the chief Transvaal trader, and business agent of Monkcorone. In general terms he reported to Albertyne the assurance of a merry life and a princely gift at the end of his engagement. The digger cared nothing for international law, and he asked what he threatened Monkcorone with a sudden. The trader vowed with oaths that there was none, saying the broken Bastard tribes, who were always giving trouble. Albertyne did not consult himself, but he begged the refusal of the appointment.

Leaving this conference, he turned into Sweeney's bar, under Bulfontein tree. Betwixt despair and the reckless habits learned in campaign, the instinct of work had died out of him. Drink had no fascination, but an idle man who seeks company in a tolling settlement must needs look for it among drinkers in work time. At Sweeney's he found a comrade of the Horse who had been returned as missing. Their greeting was warmed with Cape Smoke and memoirs of the stirring days. Albertyne asked if his friend had recovered his pay. "I am sending in my papers," said Wood, "but they tell me I shall be lucky if Government comes up within twelve months; and then, I hope, a few pounds will be much to this digger any way. I'll put you up a good thing, mate! Just stick by me! I'll hang the Colesberg Kopje! Land's the thing! Twig? Drop it!"

"If land's the thing, I'm not outside. What do you say to a hundred square miles for a landscape before one's door? Bang that!"

"I say! there's diamonddiferous strata hereabouts! What's your prospect?"

The smoke had mounted to either brain. Albertyne told the chief's offer.

"Well now, as one may say, this is intercepted despatches! You wouldn't fight against comrades for an off-chance! Come over to our side, old chaps!"

"I think, gentlemen," said a voice behind, "you had better discuss these things in private."

They looked round angrily. The speaker sat close at their back, a tall old man, well dressed, whose keen eyes twinkled in a sun-dried face.

"If you was a mouse, Mr. Yates," said Wood, "blessed is there's a cat in these parts could pounce you! I thought you was at Port Elizabeth."

"My tent is handy," said Yates, rising, and they followed him through Bulfontein camp. Just beyond the outskirts stood a wagon, with a fly-tent beside it. Albertyne had supposed that a man who was evidently Wood's colleague in a shady business must needs be shabby himself; but everything here betokened substance. Four good horses were tethered by the wagon, a new car for driving stood near; the oxen were sleek, a coolie servant bustled behind with pots and pans; several blacks, decent of appearance, lounged about.

"Enter!" said Yates courteously, standing by the tent door. Albertyne stooped in the low opening, and met a stare of rebuke that brought him to. A very beautiful woman had been stretched in a low wicker chair; and she turned to frown at the intruder. That radiance within a tent at noon in climates where the sun shone fiercely well suited her style—dark eyes, even brows, white skin, large handsome features. The faults attendant were unseen; absence of healthy color harmonized with a translucent glow which admits no shadow. Albertyne had never beheld such a beauty. It dazzled him and he backed without apology,

upsetting Wood over the tent rope. The language of that comrade, though jocular, was peculiarly ill-fitted for ladies' hearing; Albertyne jumped on him as he struggled and stopped his mouth. Meanwhile Yates looked in. "My dear," said he reprovingly, "I begged you to remain in the wagon all ways when I go out."

"It's so sultry there, father! I don't grumble! I'm off now, and there's no harm done." Neither tone nor words became that lovely creature but the jar of feminine petulance as a new sound for Albertyne, that annoyed no speeching to his ear. The music of the voice enchanted his ear, and the appellation "father" brought him quite unresponsible comfort. Whilst speaking, the lady passed by, in robes of muslin that showed a blue arm and graceful, rounded figure. She did not look at him, but from the corner of her eye threw a glance at Wood, sitting perplexed and rubbing his chin. The hair of her shoulders was quite perceptible, and Albertyne felt vexed with Wood, Yates himself, and her for that laugh.

He did not give so much heed as the ease demanded when at length business was introduced. How could Mr. Yates turn about so in that hallowed chair of wicker, and stretch his dusky boots upon the arms? If a man sentimental character lets thirty years go by without ever feeling a call on his resources of that kind, he has monstrous accumulations when the first chance comes. None but Albertyne remarked a book lying open on the crumpled carpet, which he lifted softly and lingeringly laid it on the pole table. It was a yellow novel, well thumbed, in the language of his own forefathers; but he had only a vague idea of novels, and no idea at all of French. This ignorance spared him some concern, perhaps, which imperfect knowledge might have roused; for the book was a highstrung romance of Paul Foyat's, telling of duchesses and heroes, who carried to a superhuman height the virtues of devotion, purity, courage and shewiness, unrestrained by common sense.

But Wood's statement, sobered and directed by his superior, revealed a plan that must arrest attention. He pointed out that now, for the first time in modern history, white people on the spot knew what Providence designed had a chance to fulfill its purposes. The restraint of a Government faraway, prejudiced, stupid, quite ignorant of the circumstances, had been removed by the issue of war. It was time to act. The decree of heaven and the universal experience of men lay down that black people were created for the service of the white; therefore they can have no right of property as against these, when the latter desire something in possession of the former. If it were not so, how could the Dutch justify their occupation of South Africa, or the English their encroachments? The proposition lay beyond dispute, and no priggish attorney could now resist the Fates. In short, Wood suggested a filibuster invasion of the Barre River country.

This was not a new idea, but hitherto it had been monopolized by Transvaal Boers, who could show proofs of a sort. Twenty years since the republic sent a commando against some Zulu tribes. It diverged upon the map to attack a certain chief, Malura, with whom the boers had no pretence of quarrel. Towns and other known were sieved, and the commando returned with spoil of oxen, women, and many children. South Africa was not yet prepared for this sort of thing on such a scale. The Transvaal Government took credit for subduing such women—not the children; demanding from Malura, as ransom, an enormous tribe of cattle. When he neglected to pay, the republic formally annexed all the vast district lying between the Veldt and Barre rivers, the greater part of which belonged to Monkcorone and Nicholas Waterboer. The finished humor of this proceeding all through has rarely been matched in our time. Boers forthwith began to occupy the new possession, rifle in hand, and lively scenes occurred in the Barre territory.

Albertyne knew all this well, for incidents of the slow, ceaseless strife made a standing topic on the fields. Himself a Boer, though colonial bred, he did not blame his fellows of the Transvaal. He did not even feel indignant at Wood's general application of the Boer philosophy, but he rejected it. "We should be no better than bandits," said he.

When Wood saw his resolution fixed he grew sulky. Yates said: "At least, sir, you will not mention this subject outside? And possibly you will think again before accepting Monkcorone's offer?"

"I certainly shall not," Albertyne answered, laughing. "It's not a matter for second thoughts, after this hint. Wood will tell you that gossiping is not my weakness! But if you propose to invade Monkcorone's own territory, he is able to make it hot for you without any assistance."

"Oh, is that it?" Wood interrupted eagerly. "We shan't be single-handed. There's fifty Boers coming down from the Transvaal to join us."

"Does that change your mind?" asked Yates.

"Not at all. It's no business I'd take part in."

"Well, sir, then I wish you good-by and luck."

A moment afterward Albertyne found himself outside. He had not foreseen this result when speaking so decidedly, or perhaps he might at least have kept the matter open for a day or two, until Yates and his daughter had left. What a lovely being! What an ass he had made of himself!

Meantime, Yates reproached his agent, forewarning so recklessly, in a man he had not sounded while they still lay within the grip of English law. No single arm was worth the weight of "Oh," said Wood, "I am a blank tool, of course, but you don't know Ally Albertyne. He won't split, and to have brought him in would have been as good as closing our list. A score of the handiest chaps in camp would follow. Any good man I talk to will say, 'Is Ally in it?' And if not, 'Why not?'"

"If you had told me all this before—" "How could I when I thought you were at Port Elizabeth?"

"Well, then, this his ten and bring him to supper pleasantly. He's not a mischievous chap."

"Not he! You heard what he said?"

"Sounded to think the business dirty, as it struck me. Well, we'll try again; Wood did not understand that cunning smile. He was rubbing his shins when Miss Bell passed.

Albertyne lay upon his mattress, in his ragged tent, owing no chair. He felt a sudden distaste for canteen society, which, indeed, had never charms for him.

To him came Wood, apologizing for a momentary show of temper, and his plea was warmly admitted—did not this man, in sort, dwell near the rose? As they strolled among the clumps with many a greeting and many a pause to ask or tell the course of fortune, Wood recalled the miserable time when they campaigned together; and suggested the infernal time in store for those who had no certain livelihood.

He named his terms. Albertyne's objection to the scheme was not heavy; as I have hinted. He had nothing to do, the cash was a half, and then—Miss Bell! At the hour named he was driving that young lady and her father to Jacobstal, while the wagon tol-

ed behind. When they passed the next day, he rode with her until the sun grew hot, sat with her in the wagon during driving, drove her again in the afternoon, and supped with her in the tent. So they reached Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State, where Yates kept his headquarters stored. By this time Albertyne had fallen quite head over ears in love.

An invasion of Monkcorone's country was evidently an idea long cherished and elaborated. Yates had gathered arms and stores of every sort, at very considerable cost, but with small judgment. Nearly everything wanted, however, was there, and Albertyne bargained, Miss Yates came by with a friend, and the ladies stopped to look. A "sated" animal is always rough, and its eyes have an odd stare. Said the other maiden, "You are not going to buy that creature at such a price! It looks like a fool!" "The better suited to me, Miss Villiers. I am a fool."

"Do you address that statement to me?" Miss Bell asked haughtily.

"The small service I did your father is bearing its fruit. I thought you might like to know how I felt about it so far."

Miss Bell stared, frowned, and turned away. When Albertyne got home she was seated in the stoop.

"Sir, I earnestly beg you to explain these hints and charges."

The tone was appealing, but it did not touch his angry mood. Albertyne suppressed the brutality and wickedness of Yates' enterprises, giving the old man credit for motives avowable, but frankly relating the trick played on himself, whether it had led, and what its consequences would be to him. For all this Bell was accountable. But when he had thus vented his passion, Albertyne felt suddenly that the declaration of his love would not harmoniously work in, and paused in bewilderment.

Miss Bell's color had changed several times. She rose.

"I do not doubt you have told the truth, but swear it."

"I swear! But don't think I am sorry to have obeyed you. At your demand—"

"Miss Bell did not wait the explanation, leaving him with a glance he could not read.

At supper that night Yates casually mentioned a project of journeying to the Harte River on business. Miss Bell took the same easy tone. She had always felt an interest in Kaffirs and Kaffir life, but those specimens at Port Elizabeth are so evidently bogus! It would be delightful to visit them in their kraals, etc. The Battalions, Yates urged, are scarcely more genuine than the despicable specimens of the colony. But Miss Bell declared she would content herself with them, pending better opportunities. Not yet alarmed, Yates pointed out that the country was unpopulated and barbarous, quite unfit for ladies' travel; but his daughter replied that many thousand Boer women had made journeys far longer, more painful and more perilous, with no such comforts as she would enjoy.

"You talk about it," said Yates, laughing uneasily, "as if you had quite made up your mind!"

"So I have, father. I will go or you shall not—not your party!"

"That was Mr. Yates's mistake. You'll see what a smart troop will parade by return of post. If Alby Albertyne would but like command! But there! we think no more of that."

Twenty-two missives were indited and addressed, each containing an order for two pounds on an agent at Kimberley, the promise of a horse and equipment, rations for three months and pay to be determined. Albertyne sought the offended parent. He wrote to one comrade after another at Wood's dictation, summoning them all to rendezvous at Bloemfontein. After the tenth letter distrustful astonishment would not be restrained.

"I thought you had enlisted only half a dozen or so."

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"I thought you had enlisted only half a dozen or so."

"That was Mr.

## Traveler's Directory.

Old Colony Steamboat Company.

FALL RIVER LINE

NEW YORK.  
SOUTH AND WEST.

FARES REDUCED TO NEW YORK,

First Class Tickets Limited \$2.00.

Corresponding Reduction to Points beyond New York.

Steamer PROVIDENCE and

Leaves Fall River, Newport on alternate days (Sundays excepted), at 8:45 A. M., from Long Wharf (new). Re-

turning to New York from Pier 12, N. E.

foot of Murray St., at 4:30 P. M. State rooms and tickets to New York and Providence. Western post roads available at office of New York and Boston Dispatch Express Co., 175 Thames St., Newport.

J. B. KENDRICK, Genl. Manager, Boston.

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J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

FOR CONANICUT ISLAND.

Jamestown and Newport Steam

Ferry Time Table.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, DAY, Oct. 1, 1885, until further notice, the steamer JAMES-

TOWN, Capt. F. H. Amhurst, will run as fol-

lows:

Leave Jamestown 6:15, 8:15, 11:00 A. M., 1:30,

3:30, 5:00 P. M.

Leave Newport, 7:00, 9:30 A. M., 12:00 M., 2:30,

4:15, 5:30 P. M., or arrival of Providence boat, Saturdays only.

SUNDAYS,

Leave Jamestown 8:30 A. M., 4:00 P. M.

Leave Newport 10:15 A. M., 4:30 P. M.

Old Colony Railroad.

On and after Monday, October 12, 1885, trades

leave Newport for Boston 7:30, 10:20 A. M., 2:00, 3:30 P. M. RETURN 8:30, 11:40 A. M., 3:45, 4:45, 6:00 P. M. From

Boston to Fall River 10:15 A. M., 1:30,

3:30, 5:00 P. M. For Providence 7:35,

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8:30, 9:30 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 3:30 P. M.

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For Fall River 10:15 A. M., 1:30,



## New Advertisements.

## NEW YORK OPTICAL INSTITUTE.

The best Specchies and Eye Glasses are worthily and accurately fitted. Therefore we will send the proper glasses and necessary information.

HECHT & MUELLER,  
295 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.  
We shall open our store in Newport, MAY 1.

JOHN ALDERSON,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
Franklin Street,  
One door above THAMES STREET.  
Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats a specialty.  
Liveries of every description made to order.

A NEW LINE OF  
Seasonable Goods  
JUST RECEIVED. 1-20

\$1.75. \$1.75.

EXTENSION  
Library Lamp

COMPLETE FOR

**\$1.75.**

If you would behold BARGAINS, look in our store window. Many of these articles are special and will not hold good after the display is removed from the window.

Hanging Library Lamps,  
WITH—

DUPLEX BURNER,  
FOR—

\$2.25 \$2.25

Decorated Vase Stand

Lamps,

Brass Bowl and Trim-  
mings and Decorated  
Shade, for

\$2.00 \$2.00

HAND LAMPS

Almost given away.

See our beautiful

Stand Lamps,  
MADE UP IN

LEEDS WARE,

BISQUE,

PORCELAIN,

COLORED GLASS,

RICH BRASS,

ANTIQUE BRASS,

NICKEL,

AND ASK TO SEE THE

NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT

And remember we have at the lowest market prices.

COMPLETE

Housefurnishing

OUTFITS,

AT THE

EMPORIUM OF

A. C. Titus & Co.,

225 to 229 THAMES STREET.

24 and 26 Church Street.

## Greene Bros'. Column.

ESTABLISHED 1857.

If you wish to get a good job done  
go to

**GREENE BROS.,**

who have the best facilities and the  
most modern machinery for  
the manufacturing of  
all kinds of

**DOORS,**

Hard Wood Veneered Doors  
A Specialty.

**WINDOW FRAMES,**

**SASH,**

**BLINDS,**

**Panel Work,**

**MANTLES, &c.,**

**SAWING & PLANING,**

ALL KINDS OF

STRAIGHT AND CIRCULAR

**Mouldings,**

**Stair Posts,**

Balusters and Rail,

**Rods,**

**COLUMNS,**

**BRACKETS,**

**Fence Posts**

JUST RECEIVED THE ONLY MA-  
CHINE FOR STICKING  
ALL KINDS  
OF  
IRREGULAR

**MOULDINGS**

—WITH—

**HARD WOOD.**

**LUMBER YARD AND**

Drying Room

Attached,

AT

**Greene Bros.**

## Miscellaneous.

Read What 25c Will Buy

—AT—

**Wilcox & Barlow's**  
145 THAMES ST.

5 lbs. BEST NEW TURKISH PRUNES  
For 25 cents.  
4 lbs. BEST NEW CURRANTS  
For 25 cents.  
2 lbs. NEW OXNARD RAISINS  
For 25 cents.  
10 lbs. PEARL HOMINY (bulk)  
For 25 cents.

2 pkgs. THURBER'S SHREDDED OATS  
For 25 cents.  
4 lbs. GOOD RICE  
For 25 cents.  
2 quarts CONDENSED MILK  
For 25 cents.

3 bottles TABLE SAUCE  
For 25 cents.

4 lbs. BEST STARCH (bulk)  
For 25 cents.

3 pkgs. DURYEA'S CORN STARCH  
For 25 cents.  
2 pkgs. IMPORTED GELATINE  
For 25 cents.

3 qts. CRANBERRIES  
For 25 cents.

3 qts. NEW SHELLBARKS  
For 25 cents.

5 lbs. OLD POP CORN  
For 25 cents.

3 lbs. MINCEPIE MEAT  
For 25 cents.

5 pkgs. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH  
For 25 cents.

5 bars FRENCH VILLA SOAP  
For 25 cents.

5 bars WELCOME SOAP  
For 25 cents.

6 bars DIRT KILLER SOAP  
For 25 cents.

5 bars SAND SOAP  
For 25 cents.

6 THURBER'S NO. 5 CIGARS  
For 25 cents.

3 lbs. BEST OYSTER CRACKERS  
For 25 cents.

4 lbs. GOOD SODA CRACKERS  
For 25 cents.

5-14 We are connected by Telephone, and all  
orders will receive prompt attention.

**Wilcox & Barlow,**  
CHEAP READING

—AT—

CLARKE'S NEWS DEPOT.

BUNDLES

—OF—

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

FRANK LESLIE'S HARPER' BAZAAR,

PUCK AND LIFE

—AT—

25 CENTS EACH,

Valentines ! Valentines !

D. L. CUMMINGS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

146 THAMES ST.,

Is now opening the LARGEST line of Valen-

tines in the City to Cards, Laced and Fringed

Valentines and Novelties from 1 cent up.

Just received. Another lot of

EUCHRE CARDS

with counters and rules for playing the new

and popular game of

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

REMEMBER THE NUMBER

146 Thames Street.

F. S. WAITE.

Butterick's Patterns for Feb.

JUSTIN.

AGENCY FOR

Lewando's French Dye House.

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE

AGENCY.

FULL SUPPLY Fall and Winter Dry Goods. Just  
received at 293 THAMES STREET.

ASK FOR THE

W. L. DOUGLAS

Best material, perfect fit, equals any \$5 or \$6

suit ever made. W. L. Douglas

25 Years warranted. Cor-

sets, Buttons and Lace.

If you cannot get these

best material, write to us for address on postal card to

W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

S. 3.

WARRANTED

SIX STITCHED

GLOVE CO.

WEST TANNERY, CALF

SEWED

JOHN M. SWAN,

160 Thames street,

Agent for Newport Co.

24 and 26 Church Street.

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce

Street, New York.

MY ANNUAL SALE OF

SHOP-WORN BOOTS AND SHOES

WHICH COMMENCE

Monday, February 1st.

## Miscellaneous.

PROPOSALS.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE on the new School-house for the Fifth Ward invite architects to submit plans and specifications for the same. The proposed building will contain eight school-rooms, at a cost not to exceed \$10,000 dollars. Particulars as to location and general features desired can be obtained by application to the Secretary of the Committee. Plans will be received by the 1st of February, 1866.

GEORGE A. LITTLEFIELD,  
Secretary of Joint Committee.

Newport, R. I., January 10, 1866.

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A. L. Burdick's Column.

## Ho! for Bargains

To those who have a wish to buy a nice

Buggy, Carryall Cart Rocka-

way, Open Wagon, Hack, Lan-

dau, Sleigh, English Road-cart,

Phaeton!!

Or most anything in the carriage line

Cheap for Cash,

As "the winter of our discontent" is near at hand, as several of my customers have neglected to come up with the cash as per agreement long since made so to do.

I have in stock some very nice

WHITE CHAPED TOP BUGGIES!

Which I will sell now AT COST, as my money is very much wanted to pay my bills, which will soon be due, and ought to be paid, like a good citizen.

I have several nice EXTENSION TOP CARRYALLS, on hand which will sell very cheap, as this is the dull season for this style of carriage.

I have a few SECOND HAND COUPE CARRYALLS, with Partition Front, just the carriage for stormy and cold weather, which will do the service of a five hundred dollar carriage, for less than one-fourth of the amount.

Several SECOND-HAND PHAETON TOP BUGGIES for \$50.00 each and upwards. Also a few SLEIGHS and PUNGS, CHEAP. It will soon be time to use them, and you had better get ready in time, for the Good Book says: "Be ye ready always." Wish I could say as much. Now come up and put that surplus cash of yours where it will do the most good. We also do all kinds of

Carriage Painting,

at as low rates as it can be done, and warrant the stock and labor to be FIRST CLASS.

House Painting.

• all kinds from the largest job to the smallest, done in the best manner, and as cheaply as any of our friends in the same kind of business.

DON'T WAIT until you want your house painted, but make the contract NOW, as by so doing you can SAVE MONEY, and get better work than by waiting until the rush comes on, when every one is red hot with work, and "don't care whether school keeps or not."

To my old customers and cash-paying friends, God bless you, and I wish you a

Happy and Merry Christmas.

To my friends who have never paid as they agreed, if they will repeat now, they too will have a MERRY CHRISTMAS, and I shall have a pleasant New Year receiving their accounts, all of which is respectfully submitted for the dear people's consideration.

A. L. Burdick,

House and Carriage Painter,

Weaver Avenue and

382 &amp; 384 Spring St.

## Druggists

ESTABLISHED 1800.

Caswell, Masse &amp; Co., CHEMISTS &amp; DRUGGISTS.

1121 Broadway &amp; 528 High Ave., NEW YORK.

6 Casino Building &amp; 237 Times street, NEWPORT.

CASWELL'S

Nutritive Wine of Coca

Contains Coca Extract. By these Malaga Leaves—a nerve tonic and stimulant recommended for

MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, &amp;c.

Prescribed by leading physicians.

RUM AND JININE

FOR THE HAIR

Prevents the Hair from Falling, Cleaning

and Invigorating the Scalp, Ton-

ing and Stimulating the Growth of

the Hair, Comb, Head, and

as a Dressing, Soft, and

Brilliant Effect!

—PHARMACY—

CASWELL, MACEY &amp; CO., Family and Dining Chemists.

Jas. T. WELD, Ph. G.

REGISTERED PHARMACIST.

SUCURS TO

W. S. NALLAN.

Alms of

Drugs, Medicines,

Chemis and

Fan Goods.

Particular attention to Physicians' pre-

scriptions.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

Dr. Lewis is always successful.

THE GLORY OF A MAN IS IN

HIS STRENGTH.

Nerve or Physical Force when Lost

Quickly Regained by Consulting

Dr. C. J. Lewis,

WHO after intense study and deep research has lately discovered a new, extraordinary, quick and safe remedy for the diseases of the Brain and Spine, Cord, Nerves, &amp;c., &amp;c. Seminal Weakness, Fluid Escapes, Impotency, and Disturbed Functions of the Nervous and Genito-Urinary Systems. THIS NEW AND MEDICAL TREATMENT has cured the most inveterate disorders in both young and old. The defective system restores the vigor of manhood, and in advanced age it establishes the vigor of youth without the possibility of failure. Our NAME is well known. Chronic Disease, Inflammation, Retention of Urine, &amp;c., &amp;c., Kidney or Bladder Disorders, Synapses, Secondary Symptoms, Eructations, Skin Diseases, are all absolutely cured without the use of mercury, opium, or any other drug. No restrictions of age or disease. From Dr. Lewis' Office, 129 Friends-street, Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.—We keep a complete assortment of Dog Collars, and Harness; Fancy Celluloid Collars, Muzzel Chains, &amp;c.

In the store we have in hand a great variety of Single Harness, 55 sets of second harnesses—some with hames and collars—with breastplates; also some Ladie's second-hand Riding Saddles.

A good Supply of Blankets, Sheets, Nuts, Sups, Soaps, Sponges, Chamomile, Combs, Brushes, Polishes, Powders, Gits, Whisks, Cushions, Whip Socks, &amp;c.

Keeping Carrige Trumper the year round prepared to do all kinds of Carrige and Repairing.

Parchment paid to washing car-

riages.

CONSULTATIONS, MEDICINES, &amp;c., &amp;c.

WORKING CLASSES, &amp;c., &amp;c.

Dr. LEWIS is permanently located at

129 Friends-street, Providence, R. I.

One door off the River-street (near Broad-street). Office hours all the year round, from 9 to 2 and 5 to 9; Sundays, 9 to 2, not later except by appointment, letter or telegram.

Rheumatism Effectually Cured. Female Complaints Skillfully Treated.

NOTICE.—To County Patients.

Dr. LEWIS will be at the disposal of cap-

for enclosed immediately send a supply of his valuable medicines, accompanied with in-

structions and advice, for the cure of the above

distressing complaints.

MEDICAL MINUTES

A treatise on the above subjects, Sexual Diseases, etc., illustrated with colored engravings, 12 pages. Price 25c. Send for mail or any address, from the author.

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